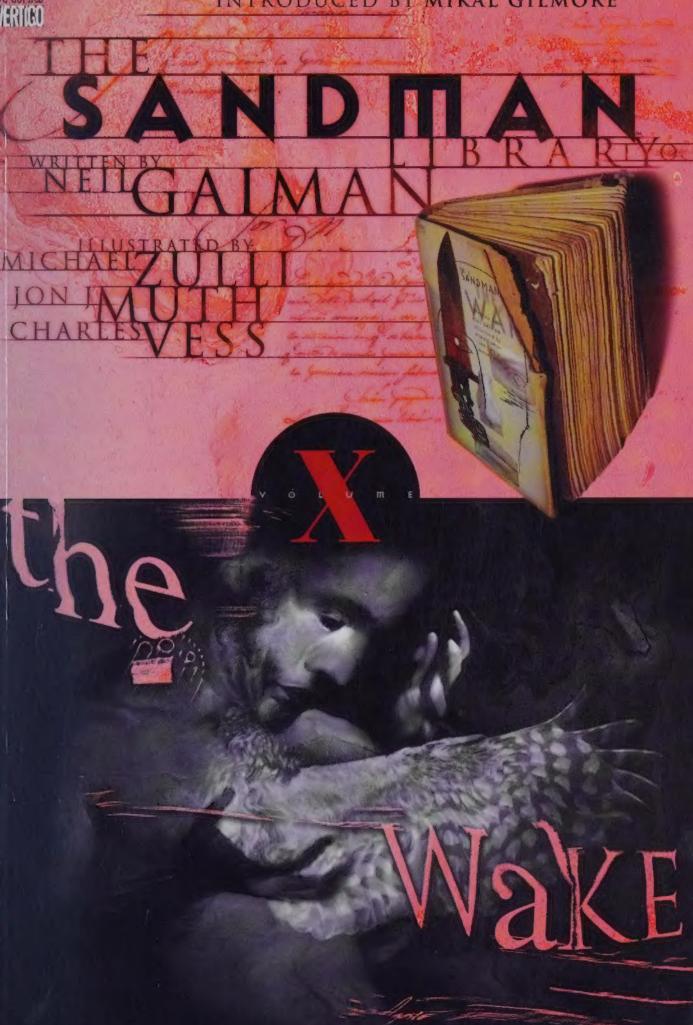
C COMICS VERTICEO

INTRODUCED BY MIKAL GILMORE



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OUOTATION JAMES ÉLROY FLECKER, 1884 1915

Between the Pedestals of Night and Morning Between red death and radiant desire With not one sound of triumph or of warning Stands the great sentry on the Bridge of Fire. O transient soul, thy thought with dreams advening, Cast down the laurel, and unstring the lyre: the wheels of Time are turning, turning, turning, The slow stream channels deep and duth not tire. Gods on their bridge above Whispering lies and love Shall mock your passage down the sunless river Which, rolling all it streams, shall take you, king of dreams, —Unthroned and unapproachable for ever— To where the kings who dreamed of old Whiten in habitations monumental cold



This book is for Dave McKean, as a small token of thanks.

I do not know what Sandman

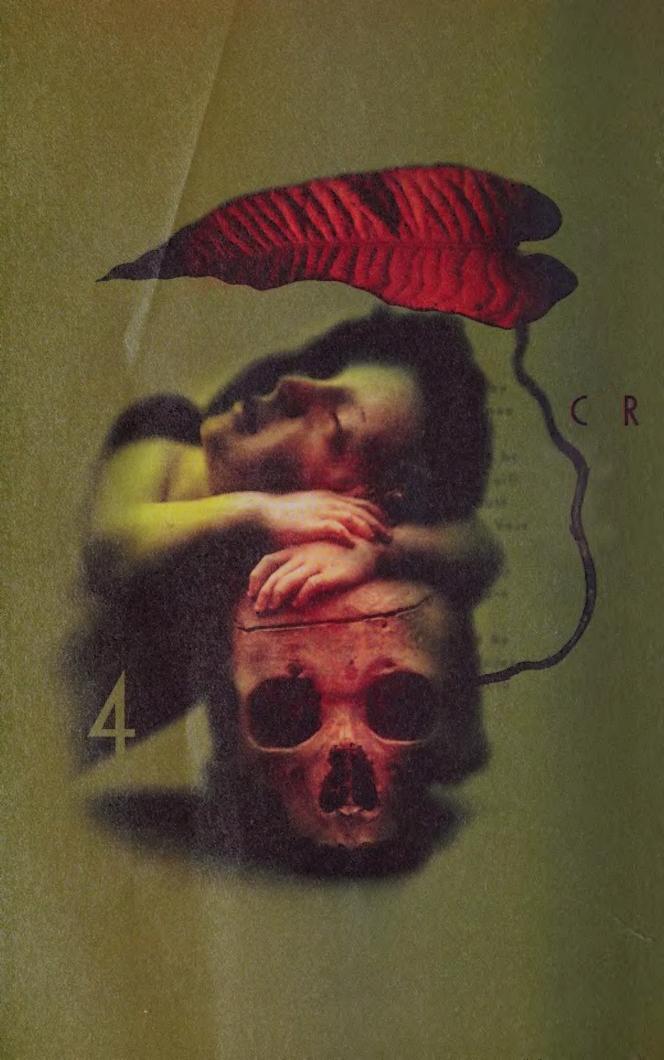
would have been without Dave,

as our public face - creating the

covers, the typefaces, the design,

all that - and as my hardest critic.

It was a long, strange journey, and it was the better for having a friend by my side on the way.





THE SANDMAN: THE WAKE

Written by NEIL GAIMAN

Illustrated by MICHAEL ZULLI.

JON J MUTH & CHARLES VESS

Lettered by TODD KLEIN

Colored by DANIEL VOZZO & JON J MUTH

Separations by DIGITAL CHAMELEON

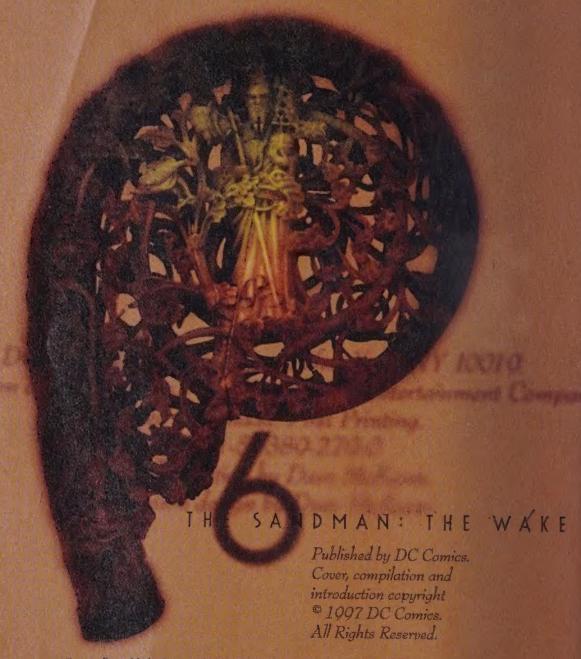
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The Wake Title page by MICHAEL ZULLI

Sandman characters created by

GAIMAN, KIETH & DRINGENBERG

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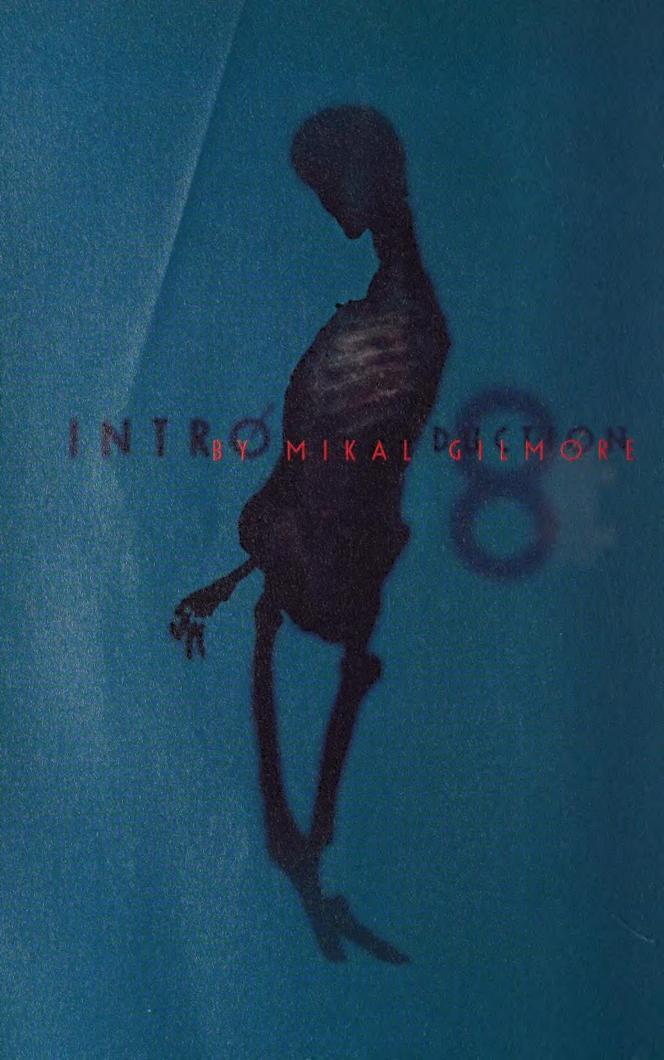
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186 Acknowledgments
Biographies



man sits in Washington Square, feeding pigeons. He feels depressed, tired of his existence. His sister shows up, takes him for a walk, and along the way, kills a few people - some who are ready for the killing, some who are not. As she does so, she gives her brother a hard lesson: They are both lords, she reminds nun . she the lord of dearn le, of dreams - and what they do isn't always easy. But if they don't do it, the world - or at least life and its meanings fall into futility. In his own fashion, the Dream Lord cheers up, and decides to go stalk some renegade dreams Chances are, you know this story - it was one of the most popular of the early episodes of Neil Gaimans extraordinary Sandman series, back during the book's first year of publication, 1989 - about seven years ago. In fac. it was the story ("The Sound of Her Wings," Issue Eight. in which Gaiman later said he had finally found his over for the series. I would argue that he found it a couple of issues earlier, in a pair of genuinely withing he tal s "Passengers" and "24 Hous It was in toose 10 jos. 1 think, that Gaiman first truly Jose 1 m on the poss by too of the eerie and wonde ful chrome e that he was just meeting With "Passengers" and "? I Hours," Gaiman made plain that Sanaman was a book that would take us on a tour of horror and hope that u is at eves frighteningly otherworldly, though also as fam for and profow dond surprising as the depths of the human heart itself - and without those two prior will riching terror-toies with their truly awful, spellbinding revelations, the introduction of the Dream Lord's cutie pie older sister. Death, might not have counted for as much

In any event, as I say, it was 1989: all in all, a damn good season to dream of doing something ambitious and substantial in the world of comics Indeed, comic books were enjoying more hip credibility than at any time since the 1960s. Mid 1980s breakthrough ventures like Alan Moore's Watchmen and Frank Miller's The Dark Knight Returns - super hero fantasias, imbued with horrific social realism - brought a massive new readership to the idiom. In addition, Art Spiegelman (Maus), Dave Sim (Cerebus), Chester Brown (Yummy Fur), Jaime and Gilberto Hernandez (Love and Rockets) and Jamie Delano (Hellblazer) were writing smart and compelling tales about rapture, fear, carnality, desperation, doom, history, spirit and (occasionally) salvation, that proved some of the most imaginative and rewarding works in comics'

50-year-plus history It was in this time and atmosphere that The Sandman emerged British author and journalist Neil Gaiman had already written three decidedly offbeat comics projects, Signal to Noise, Violent Cases and Black Orchid (all illustrated by Gaiman's longtime friend and partner, Dave McKean, who would also produce the strangely beautiful, form breaking art for the entire run of Sandman's covers). In those earlier titles, Gaiman had demonstrated powerful knacks for mood, language and characterization, but with Sandman, his verve went deeper, turning wildly imaginative and downright radical. There had been an earlier Sandman in DC's pantheon - a war-era crime fighter - but he bore little resemblance to the dark magus that Gaiman would conjure. In Gaiman's hands, Sandman became the story of the Lord of Dreams, Morpheus (as Neil described him, "an anthropomorphic personification of dreams"), and his encounters with other gods, demons, renegade dreams and frail humans. By entering the realms where these characters dream or rule, Morpheus was forced to wrestle with their most secret hurts and hopes. Sometimes as in the aforementioned "The Sound of Her Wings," the book proved simply loopy and lyrical. At other times - for example, in "Passengers" and "24 Hours," or in "Collectors," in which Morpheus intruded on a convention of serial killers and turned their horror back on them - Sandman could be so creepy, so unhinging, it was astonishing (and heartening) that the book continued to be published. "Sandman won't always be a horror book," Gaiman told me in 1989, "though horror is very often the lie that tells the truth about our lives - and in that sense, it's ultimately an optimistic genre. But actually, I'd like the stories to be as varied and unpredictable as dreams themselves - which means that the Sandman should be willing to follow the human subconscious wherever it may go, even into the darker realm of internal mythologies. At the same time, I keep expecting for DC to call at some point and say, 'Sorry, we're not going to print this anymore. Instead, they've been very supportive. And for my part, I'd like to turn out a good book once a month. I mean, why shouldn't there be good mainstream

In time, it became apparent that Gaiman was doing something more than simply producing good comes stories on a monthly basis: he was also creating a work that aspired to stand as genuine, full-fledged mythology. In and of itself, the use of myth was nothing new in comic-book narratives. Winsor McCay (with his form-setting 1920s Little Nemo tales), Carl Barks (with his 1950s Uncle Scrooge and Donald Duck books), Will Eisner (with his spooky Spirit comics), Jerry

Siegel and Toe Shuster (with the original 1930s Superman yarns), Herge (with his many Tin Tin books), and Jack Kirby and Stan Lee (with their 1960s Marvel wonders) had all brought mythological plots, devices and characters to their splendid examples of graphic storytelling, But with Sandman, Gaiman aimed to use a comics-based mythos to expand on, interact with, and deepen classical legends of mythology and popular history. On one hand, this approach might seem like merely another clever postmodern ruse, taking old Greek and Norse myths, European and Asian and Islamic folk tales, plus scenarios from Dante, Blake, Milton and Dore, and mixing them with 20th-century comics and horror elements. Still, Gaiman made it all work, and on his own terms. His tales of the Endless - the lords of Death, Despair, Delight, Delirium, Destruction and Destiny who made up Dream's family - resounded as works of both grand invention and wondrous apocrupha. Which is to say, sure, you could see the modern-day sensibility in it all - the fun subterfuge of deities and comics characters sharing the same space, the same dilemmas. At the same time, it was as if you had discovered a timeless trove of fascinating lost legends and mysteries: missing vellums that revealed how so many different peoples shared so many similar patterns of fable and providence in their disparate histories of storytelling. In its best (frequent) moments, The Sandman was like a secret history of the unconscious: a panorama of the many hidden connections between gods and devils, monsters and humans, the living and the dead, and the shadowy dreams and fears that construct and animate mythical beings in the first place. In this way, The Sandman managed to add as much to any real understanding of mankind's myths as the works of Thomas Bulfinch, Sir James Frazer, Edith Hamilton or Joseph Campbell. But don't take my word for it. Read it, and decide for yourself.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY PLEASURES that have come from following Sandman's saga, as it unfolded from 1988 to 1996. Among them: the inventive way that Neil told stories about the real world and fantastic realms, so that both the narratives and their provinces circled around and within one another, each changing the other's fates and setting off events and probabilities that would reverberate years later at unexpected junctures in the overall tale. Some might view this as the comic book's equivalent of magic realism, but Neil himself has never disguised the real source for his surreal existential brand of storytelling: it springs from a deep affection for William Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and a desire to translate that play's mix of horror and playfulness into modern forms. Another Sandman delight: Gaiman's deft manipulation of a large gallery of wildly diverse, indelible characters, who often turn out to have greater depth, consequence and, in some cases, deadliness than might first seem apparent. I'm thinking here chiefly of Lyta - the demented, damaged wannabe super-heroine who is terribly mistreated by Dream early in the series, and who pays him back in kind at the end - and Thessaly, the smart, murderous witch from A Game of You, whose lack of love for Morpheus helps launch him on his path to self-ruin in Brief Lives. (Just what the fuck was the Dream Lord thinking, taking her as a lover?)

But there are two pleasures about Sandman that, I think, beat the others. One comes from tracking the development of Morpheus himself, It's an evolvement that proves as subtle as it is complex, and it demands some real liberality and compassion from the reader. Certainly, the Dream Lord is not an easy man to fathom, nor is he the most sympathetic or likable of the characters that you will come across in this epic. (Save that tribute for Morpheus's two most humane siblings his sisters Delirium and Death . plus two strong-willed yet constantly perplexed talking animals, Matthew the smartassed raven, and Barnabas, the smart-assed dog. Thank God for talking animals, I say - especially smart-assed ones). In comparison to some of the others who populate the Sandman mythos, Morpheus is, at times, a plain and simple pill or prick He is haughty, cold and callous. He woos then abandons lovers, or worse Nada (whose tale was told during The Doll's House series) found herself cast into the abyss of Hell, her soul consigned to infinite suffering, for offending the Dream Lord's pride. Dream also fathers a son, Orpheus, that he does not attend to enough, and then later, when Orpheus is at his most bereft and helpless, Morpheus leaves him to an eternity of unspeakable torment. And early in the series, he comes upon Orpheus's mother, Calliope, in an unexpected and parbarous place, and must face the truth that some of the abuse and devastation that is now her life is a result of his

own bad faith.

But Dream also has twinges of conscience, and gradually and reluctantly he comes to examine his actions. Maybe he even comes to know himself. In an early storyline, The Doll's House, Morpheus comes to see how his own creations - the dreams he fashions to stalk our darkness, to reflect and sometimes inspire our deepest longings or cruelties - can do great damage beyond their lives in dreams: damage that never stops spilling into the world's already boundless pain and terror. In Season of Mists, Dream sets out to free, at long last, Nada, the lower he sent to Hell. When he finally encounters Nada, he must learn that his regret for wronging her can never be payment enough for his sin. In Brief Lives (for my money, the best of the individual Sandman novels), Dream is obliged to make right the horrible fate he left his son Orpheus to - in the only way he can. The epiphany of despair that Morpheus faces after he slays his son is the single most affecting and consequential moment in the entire series. Finally in The Kindly Ones - the book that immediately precedes the stories collected in this present volume - Dream comes to understand how his obsessions with his powers and responsibilities, with the noble rules of authority, were simply an echo of his oun emptiness. Worse than that, these things worked as excuses for failing to provide the sort of risky real love and protection that those who loved and depended on him deserved. And then, he understands what he must do to redeem himself: At the end of The Kindly Ones, Morpheus gives his hand to his closest sister, Death; she takes his hand and he is no more. You may come to your own conclusions about why Dream chose this end. Perhaps, as one character implies, he wanted to pay for his neglect and destruction of Orpheus But here s my verdict: Morpheus died for love. This isn't to say that love simply broke his heart - that an uncaring lover finally shredded his spirit and will - though that's a part of it. (Let me repeat.

Thessaly, who is called Larissa at this point in the story, should clearly have been seen as walking talking

bad news.) But it isn't just a matter of hard luck Morpheus made bad choices: bad for himself, bad for others. He could not understand how to care for his own heart - he could not grasp its limitations or vanities or real needs - nor could be understand or respect the true patterns in the hearts of others. He was great, but he was also terrible - and while each of those aspects of his heart and being might comprehend one another, neither could subdue or transform the other. Until, that is, the end. I realize that everything I'm saying here may not seem an especially flattering portrayal of the primary character who has carried The Sandman for several years and myriad pages. (I also realize that my ideas might run strongly contrary to Gaman's oun view of Dream, but that's only a further testament to how well Neil has done his job: when you create characters and a storyscape that occupy somebody elses imagination, you lose the sole authority to determine how that work resounds in others' dreams.) At the same time, it's Morpheus's flaws that, I think, make him truly worthy of the mythic dimension that Gaiman has placed him in, and it's Dream's recognition of his shortcomings that finally allows him to win whatever redemption he pulls off - that makes him finally, a real hero. Heroes, remember, weren't always very nice folks. In fact, many of the classical ones - not to mention quite a few of the real-life historical ones - were vain, murderous or otherwise interestingly fucked up. The idea of the uncomplicated hero - like our current obsession with "moral" character - is a fairly modern-day work of mistortune.

I noted before that the episode in which Morpheus slays his son Orpheus is the single most heartaching and eventful scene in the saga but it is also Sandman's single kindest moment. It is a necessary work of mercy · but even as Morpheus accomplishes it, he must realize that he is also, in effect, killing himself (which may be part of his motivation). There are, after all, punishments for shedding blood, and few acts are worse than spilling the blood of family Later, when Morpheus pays the price for his deed, he also completes his final, kindly act of mercy. (You didn't think the "kindly ones" were really those nasty old Furies, did you? Actually, they're Dream and Death, and in their own tragic and unintentional ways, Lyta, Larissa and Nuala.) In the end, Morpheus's heart could not be fixed or healed; it could not simply be set right by his own will, or by therapy and medication (gods - or their equals - don't get to opt for therapy or medication, though one can see how such things might do wonders for the Judeo Christian god), and Morpheus, in these tales, has come to understand the futility of hing with a heart that cannot be fixed especially living endlessly with such a

So Morpheus dies. It's all, really, he can do - it is, if you need to see it this way, the "right" thing to do. As the writer and activist John Perry Barlow once said, in speaking about the death of his friend Jerry Garcia, it is "a big death." It resonates back through the structure of everything that has occurred in the story before. It isn't just a god or an endless being who dies. Far worse (and far better), it is a man, who has finally delivered his own troubled heart, and saved others in the process.

There will be another Dream Lord - you will see him in the pages of this present book - and hkely, he will be a better Dream But there will noter again be a Morpheus

I MENTIONED A FEW PARAGRAPHS BACK that there are two exceptional pleasures that come from a reading of The Sandman. The other—like following the growth of the central character, Morpheus—has been watching the growth of Neil Gaiman's talents. It's not unlike the delight that came from viewing the development of rock & roll forces like the Beatles or the Clash over the stretch of their careers: it is the joy of witnessing extraordinary artistry become even more extraordinary, as the mind (or minds) behind that art meets the challenge of its own promise

I can't say for sure (and don't plan to ask) whether Gaiman envisioned the whole intricate sweep of what he eventually accomplished with The Sandman (which stretched over 70 monthly issues, making for roughly 2000 pages of graphics and text), or if he ended up concecting a lot of it as he went along. (I suspect - hope, in fact that it's more the latter than the torn a Year-ago in the early seasons of Sandman's rur. No. to do a no planned to stay on the book with about Issic 4.2 "Ive a days known where this story is going," he said, "what its last panel will be." A short time later, I related t is disclosual to another Britis recomes outner who at first gren wide-eyed, then snorted and laughed. "He actually times icknows where hes going with its where it is fall and More power to him, the cheeky bastard but I think les ir for a scrpr se", Angkay, no motter the method Carman has pu A off a concrent ril and transpaing long ringe narrative, and I imagine that anybody who has read the whole scries is grateful that it took him nearly twice as long to accomplish as he first envisioned.

In add then to the 70 issues of The Sand van that Clama i wrote these last several years, he also authored several other sing a column and multi-issue walks, metading It a Books of Moat two miniseries feath, na Death Morphous's coolerthan I to hig sister, Mr. Punch a territe tale about 40 ith and to necessary lessons of Jis las mi, teatal ing the aimidbasing and inventing dustrations of knatime frend and porties. Da e McKean tano has produced the our fine series. these last few years, Cajes published by Tundra, a BRC. IV miniscries. Neveru here, that should make its debut a ound the time this solume sees print, in I has co outhored a dark e grous fantasu novel with Terry Patchett Good Crons as a production amount of work, of course and what makes its output even more notable (or insune) is that Neil has also toured and made personal appearances to support nearly all these works In addition, Gaiman's personal life went through some upheaval during this period: a little ove I all any through San Iman's run he found himself aprooted from his native England and dropped down into the middle of America (trading one deeply werra courtry for another, maybe even Jeeply wairder land), and also recume the father of his third child. Much of all this work and transformation has no doubt proved heady and rewarden i for Neil, but I'd bet there were also times when he felt list in all the commetion, and perhaps those occasions have intermed some of Sandman's most eloquent and impassioned u. it is I wouldn't be surprised at all.

Anyway, a major element of Gaman's work is now finished. The Sandman saga closes with the volume you are holding

To be more accurate, it actually losed with the provides book, The Kindly Ones; if anything The Wake is a store of the strange himbo galf zone that exists between deat i and renewal, between the horror of grief and the somet mes even greater horror of possible hope. But uh le Gaman has sa a he w. I arite storter works about the other members of the Endless - and maybe even fill in one or two o, the missing chapters in Morpheus's tale - it is unlikely that he will ever tell us the story of the new Dream Lords in gn I admit, Ill miss this monthly treat (though I'm quite happy to have Garth Ennis's Preacher Let Sn it as Rone and David Lapham's Stray Bullets to look forward to, For me, The Sandman has been the most exciting and involving literary adventure of the last decade, and it has been vastly better than most of the storytell ng that film and television have had to offer At the same time, it was necessary for The Sandman like Morpheus himself to Inish As a favorite post of nime once urate "A story can't be teld Ut t a story's Jone " With this final . Shu ne, we can now look back and measure what Gannan has created nothing less than a popular culture masterpiece and a work that is bracer smarter and more mean nafel than just about anything "high culture" has produced during the same period. It doesn't matter that most mainstream literary or ties or taste-arbiters haven't also declared this truth thou necessarily lag far behind the edge that an artist lke Ciaman inhabits. What does matter is that The Sandman happened, that it is here, and that Caim in and the several outstanding graphics artists that he was worked with these last few years more fash and such an imaginative and enal work of renegade art.

My favorite character in Sandman, the soft hearted, broken Delirum asks Monpheus at one point: "What's the word for things not being the same a ways. You know I'm some there is one. Isn't there?" Dream names the word for her "Change" he says. She also asks him "What's the name for the greense monent when you're actually forgotten how it gelt to make love to somehod, you really liked a long time ago?" I tream repress "There isn't one. Says Delirum. "Oh I thought maybe there was "Delirums right, of course there is one, and I think that in his heart, Deam knew it but he wasn't yet ready to spook to That word is "Mercy" and it stands for an attribute that does not always fare well in the hard ready, as of waking life. It is only readily available in fact in that odd ream known as dreaming and even there is plessings are aphoneral.

That's how The Sandman works It opens some truths and conceivabilities for the reader then lets you pare out the others - the best ones - for yourse f It is a work that engages the mind and the heart u thout trying to manipulate either That's a neat trick, in this or my time

And that's all united to say except for this I ranks, No for giring us such a memorable and enduring gift Cantuat for the next one

M KAL CIEMORE HAS BEEN A FREOLENT CONTRIBUTOR TO ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE SINCE 1977 AND IS THE AUTHOR OF AN AWARD WINNING NON FICE ON WORK SHOT IN THE HEART DOUBLEDAY IN 1994













gone before



















































AND THE CREATURE MADE BY THE FIVE WENT DOWN INTO THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE NECROPOLIS LITHARGE; AND IT FOUND, WITH NO DIFFICULTY, A ROOM THAT MANY COULD SPEND THEIR WHOLE LIVES HUNTING FOR, WITHOUT SUCCESS.





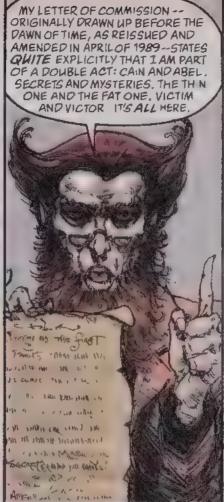




















ASI; HE IS--AND I AM
BEING CHARITABLE HERE,
MARK YOU--A GAP-TOOTHED,
BLUBBERY, STUTTERING
HALF-WIT. NO DRESSSENSE, AND A VERY, VERY
VAGUE (BUT CONTINUAL)
SMELL OF CABBAGE-WATER
ABOUT HIS PERSON.



BATHROOM -- I'M NOT ONE TO GOSSIP, BUT THERE ARE THINGS CRUSTED ON HIS SINK THAT HAVE NOT SIMPLY DEVELOPED INTELLIGENT LIFE BUT HAVE IN ALL PROBABILITY BY NOW EVOLVED THEIR OWN POLITICAL SYSTEMS,





























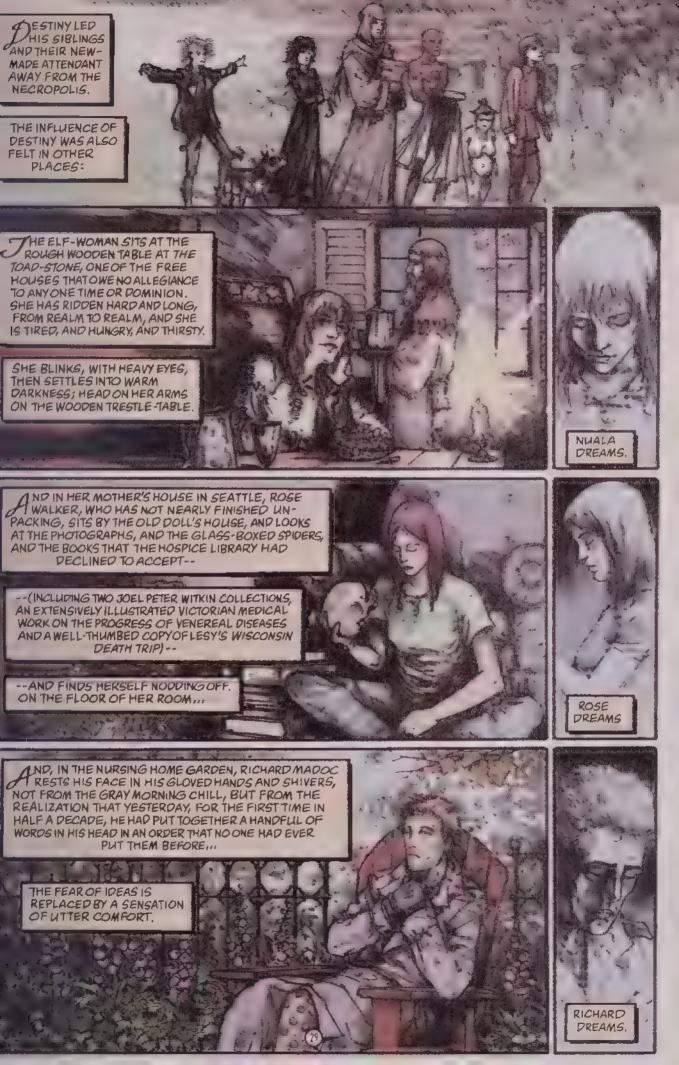




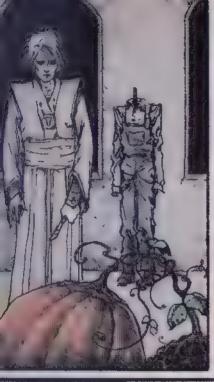














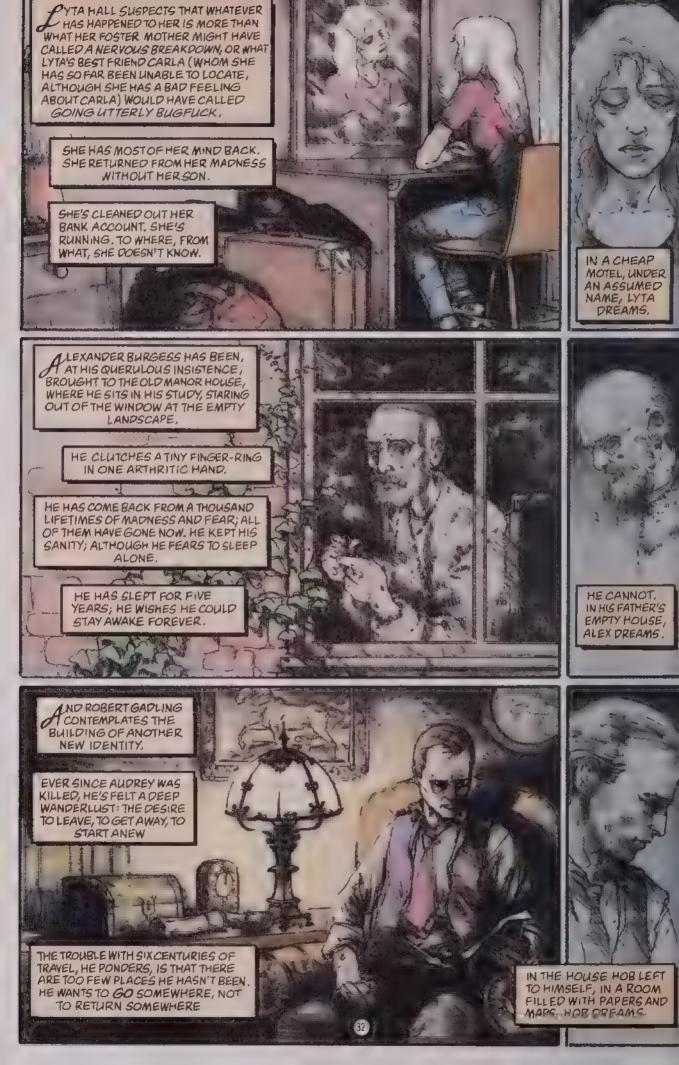


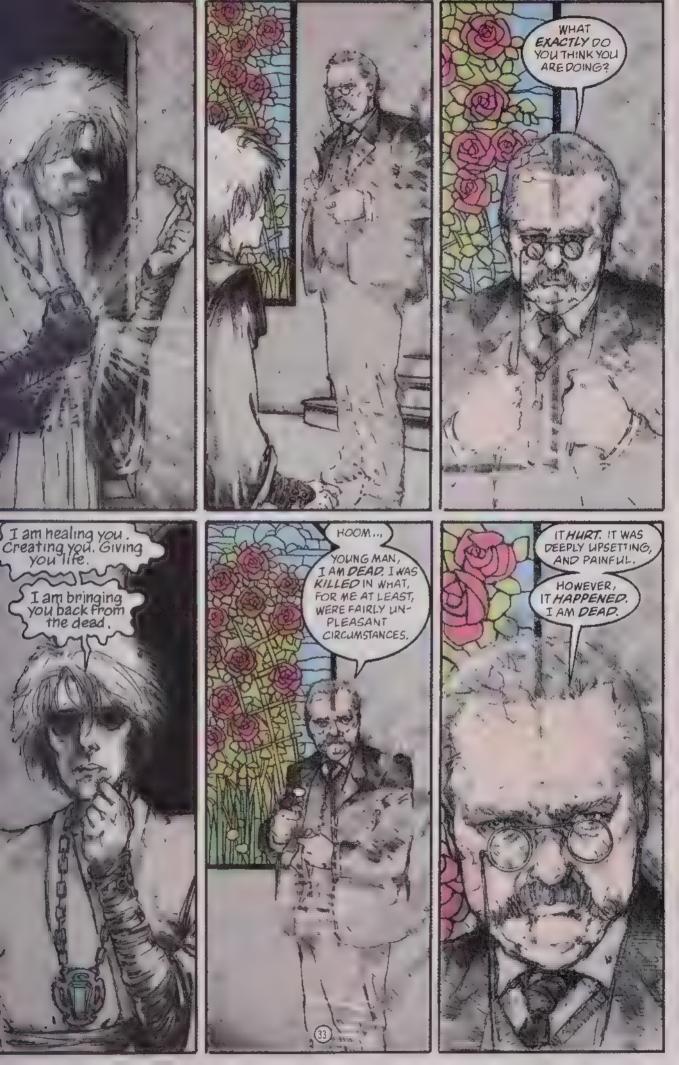


















AND THE LADYBAST, HER FUR THINNING AND HER EYES MILKY AND DIM, SUMMONS ALL THE POWER AT HER DISPOSAL, PULLS TOGETHER TINY STRANDS OF BELIEF, A HANDFUL OF INSTANTS OF HALFHEARTED WORSHIP...



















































THE CASTLE WILL

LORD I











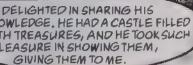














HE WAS SO GENTLE, AND HIS SKIN FELT LIKE WHITE SILK AGAINST MY SKIN.



AND I GAVE WHAT I COULD GIVE TO SUCH AS HE.

WHEN WE MADE LOVE IT WAS LIKE A FLAME: I FELT ATTERLY ENGULFED, UTTERLY LOVED. TREASURED.



I HAVE BEEN TH MANY POETS, MANY DREAMERS ...

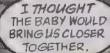
... BUT HIS LOVE ALONE WAS ICE AND FIRE. HIS EYES WERE STARS



I WOULD NOT LIVE WITH HIM. I WANTED MY OWN LIFE, IT MADE IT SPECIAL WHEN I SAW HIM.

BUT WE HAD BEGUN, SLIGHTLY, TO DRIFT APART WHEN I FOUND MYSELF WITH CHILD.





PERHAPS HE DID FOR A LITTLE WHILE.























































WLLO, SAYS 'E, AND 'OWS YER
RHEUMATICS THEN, HENRIETTA? COS
HE'D NEVER CALL ME MAD HETTIE,
THOUGH ONCE I ALMOST ARSKED
H M TC

MUSTN'T GRUMBLE, I'DSAY TER HIM,
POSH AS ANYFINK, BUT WIV WINTER COMING HAI
DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW 'OW A HOLD LADY HOV AN
'UNDRED HAND FIFTY (OR WHATEVER I AKCHERLY
WOS, THAT DAY) HIS GOIN' TER KEEP BODY

HAN SOUL TOGETHER HAIREELY DON'T









DTHEN 'E'D TURN TERGO ON HIS Y, AND E'D WISH ME PLEASANT DREAMS D I'D SAY TER HIM, WELL, SONNY-JIM, AT'S RARVER UP TER YOU, ISN'T IT?





















YOUR PUZZLEMENT IS EASILY

CLURACAN, IT WAS I WHO MADE

ENOUGH DISPELLED, THE







I'VE NOT WORN ANTLERS SINCE TH' ELEVENTH CENTURY, AND I'M NO CUCKOLD...

WINE, ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE,
THOUGHT THETHOUGHT OF IT
MAKES ME A LITTLE UNEASY TO
ME STOMACH: YE'D NOT BE
MY SON, WOULD YE?

CLOSE, THE CLURACAN,
BUT ONLY IN A MANNER
OF SPEAKING, IT WAS HERE
YOU SPAWNED ME. I AM
YOUR NEMESIS.

SUPPOSE, WITH TOO MUCH

















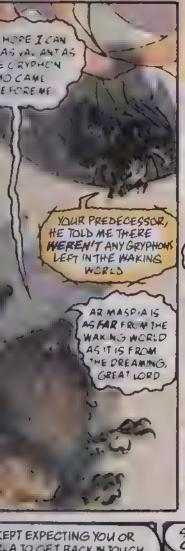








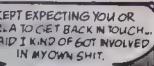












AT I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT A LOT, WENT UPS'A RS A TIMES WHEN I GOT BACK A., BUT NOBODY EVER SWERED THE DOOR











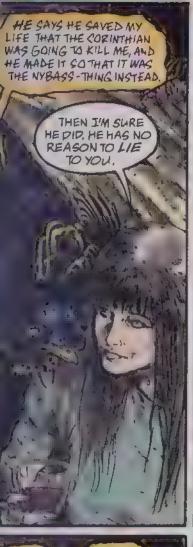


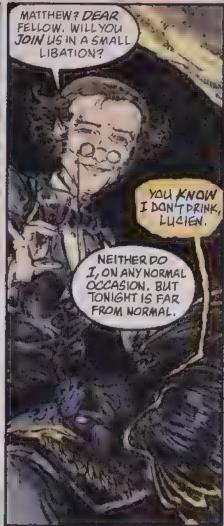
















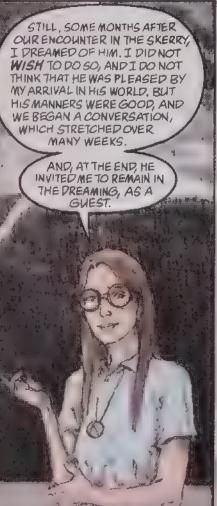


















GRADUALLY, H S N'EREST N ME WANED, ALTHOUGH I DOUBT HE REALIZED IT,

HE HAD ME, AFTER
ALL; HE HAD INSTALLED
ME IN HIS WORLD, IN HIS
CASTLE. HE NO LONGER
NEEDED TO WOO ME; AND
AND HE RETURNED TO
WORK. TO HIS DUTIES,



I WAS THERE WHEN HE WANTED ME, IT WAS.. F YOUGH FOR HIM

AND WHEN THE LIGHT OF HIS LOVE WAS OFF ME, I REALIZED THAT I DID NOT LOVE HIM, AND I HAD NEVER LOVED HIM.



I WENT TO HIM, I SPOKE TO HIM HE SADI, NOTHING

I SHOUTED AT HIM,
ASKED HIM WHY HE DIDN'T
EVEN ASK METO STAY, WHY
HE CARED MORE ABOUT
HIS WORK THAN ME, ASKED
HIM WHY HE WOULDN'T
EVEN TALK ABOUT IT.































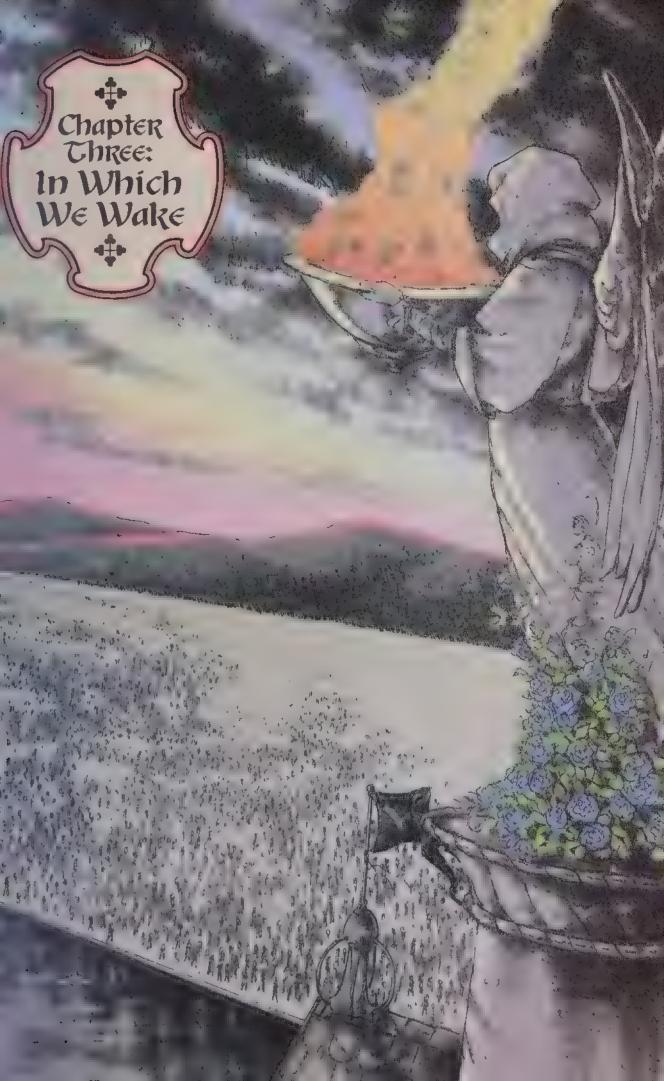






























































Good-day to you, ir The path will take

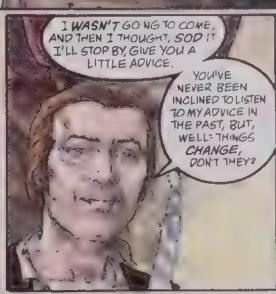










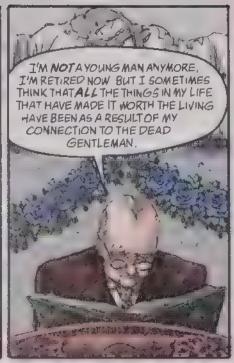


















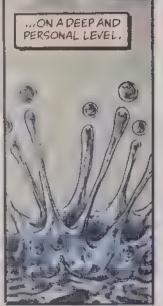






REFLECTED IN IT, THEY
SAW MERCY, AND
M RACLES, AND THE
KNOWLEDGE THATEVERY
THING THAT IS, HAS A
PURPOSE, AND THAT THE
PURPOSE, SOMEHOW,
INCLUDED EVERY ONE
OF THEM,,









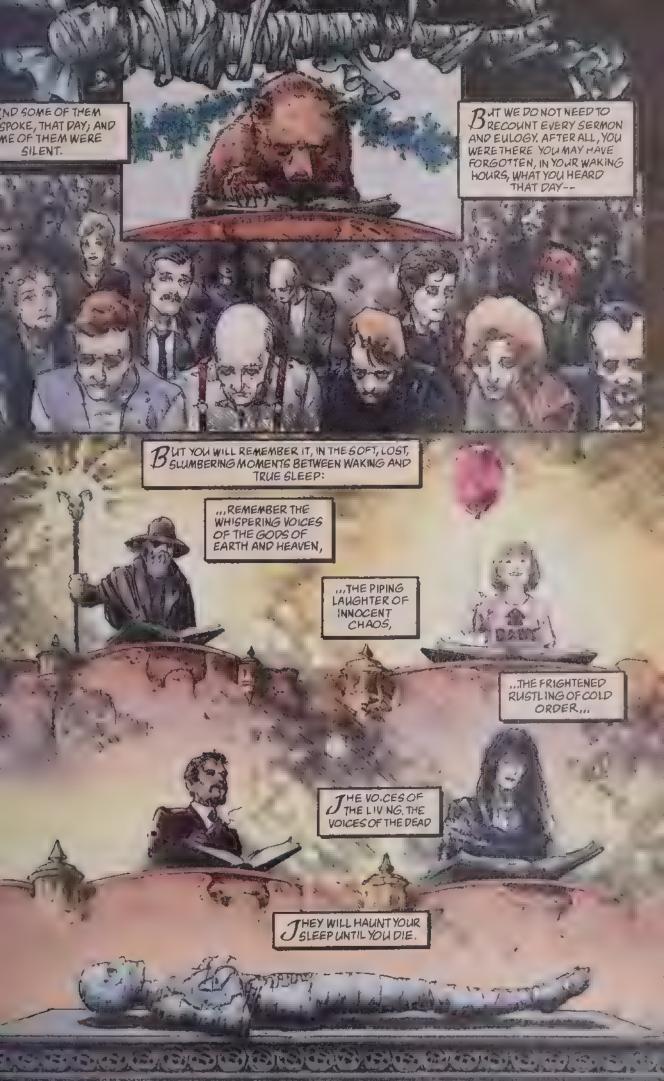


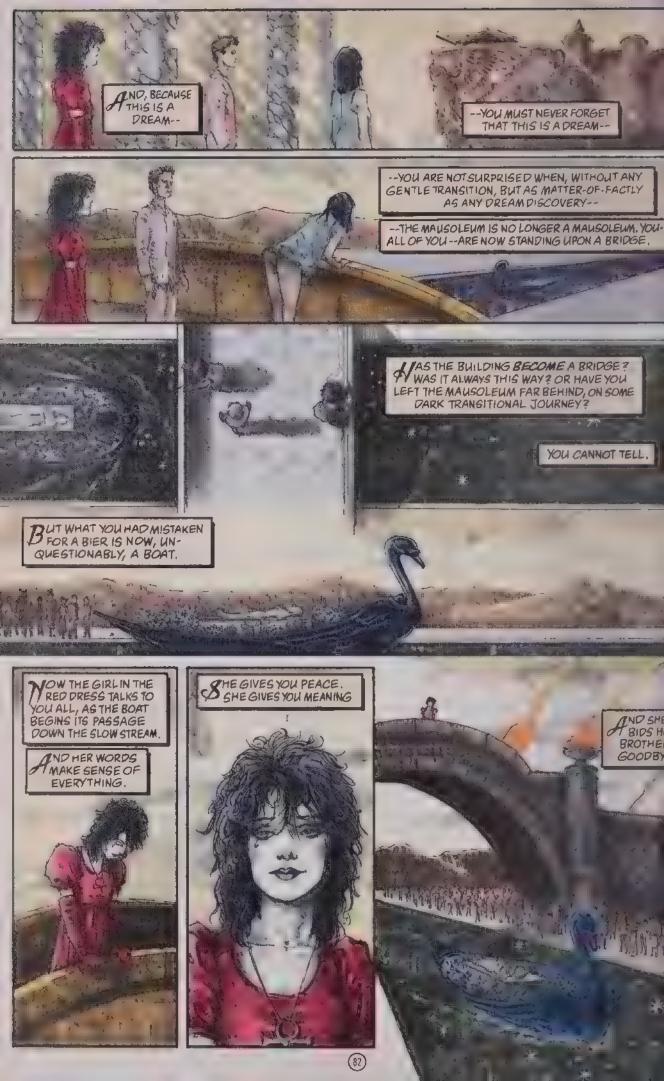


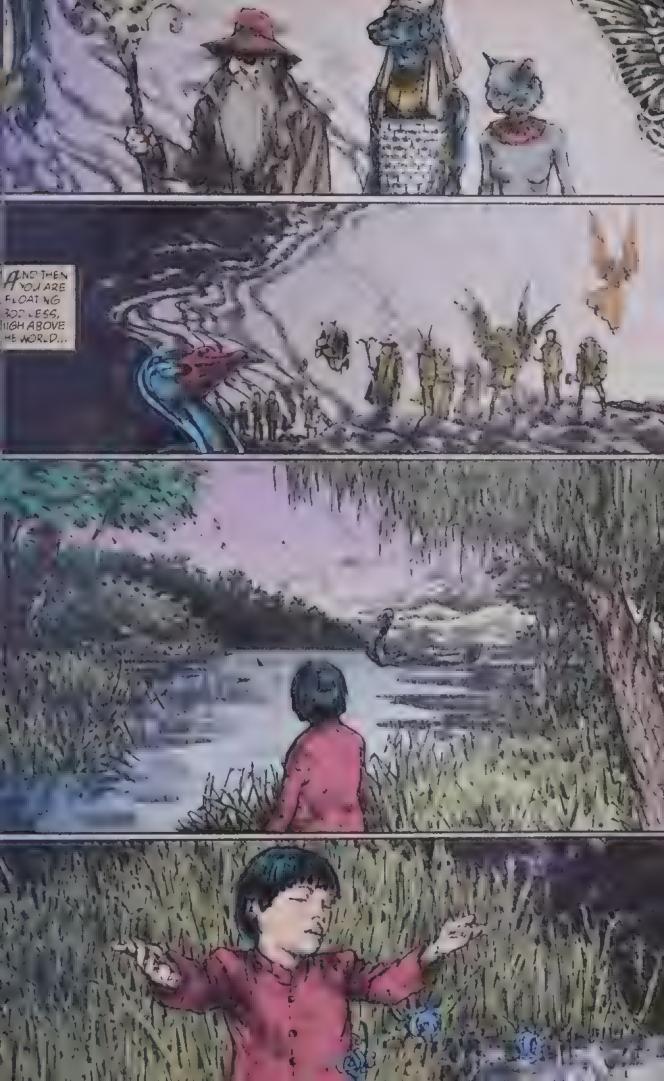














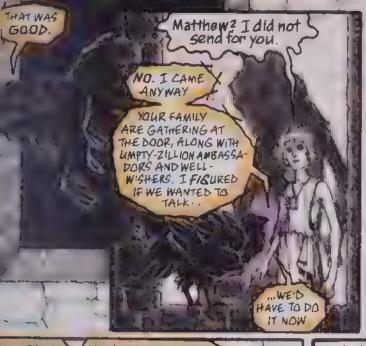






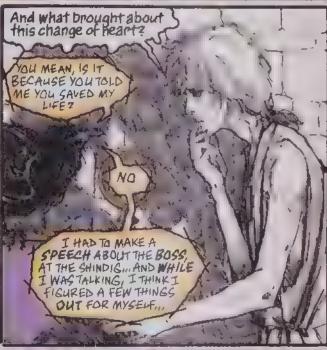




























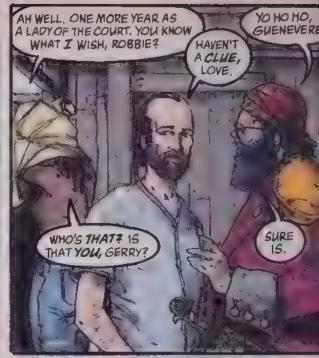


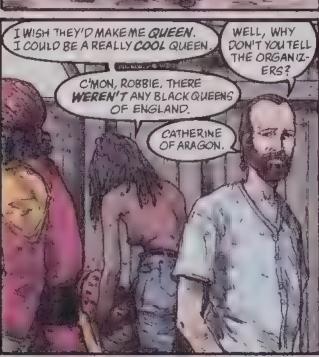


































































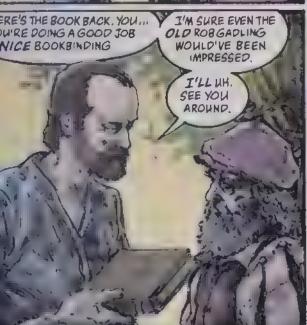




















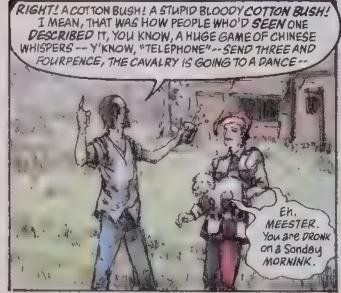












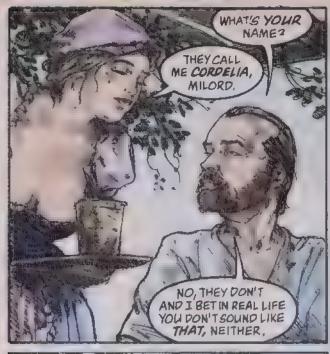


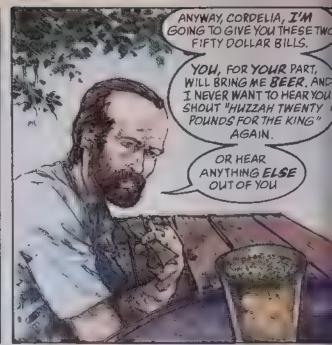


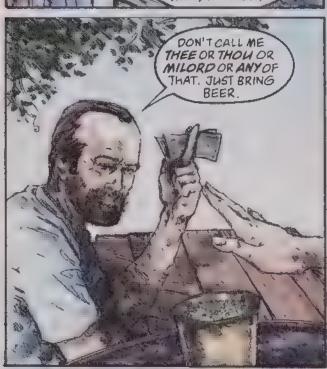






























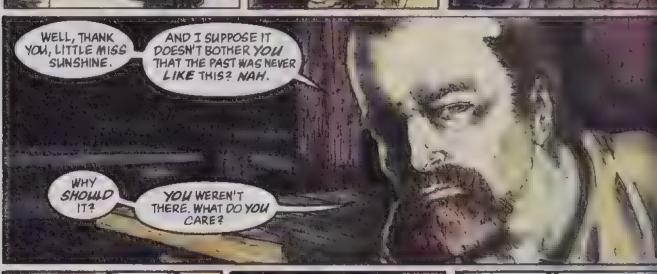




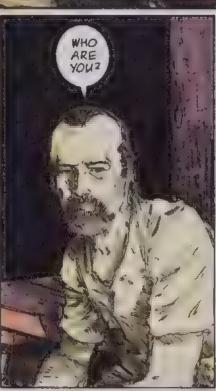




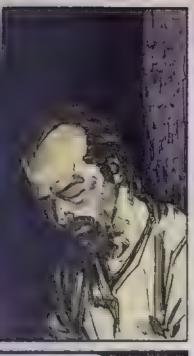












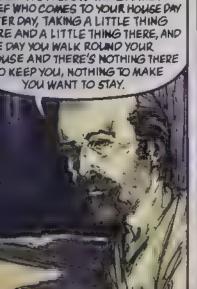












hink it's a **slow** thing. Like A













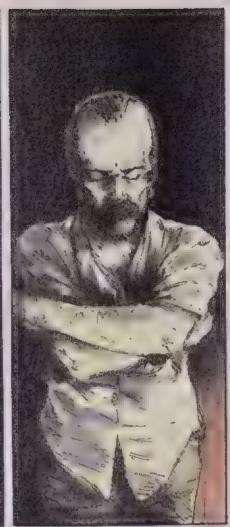






































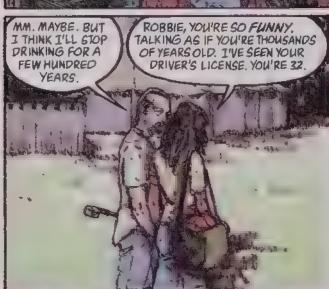








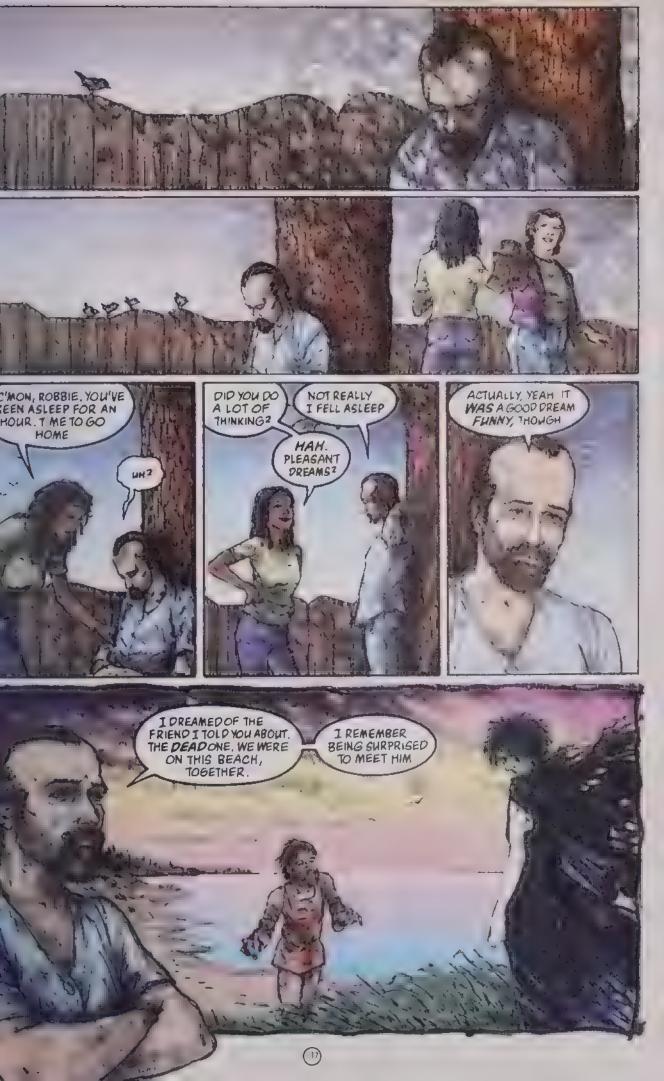




















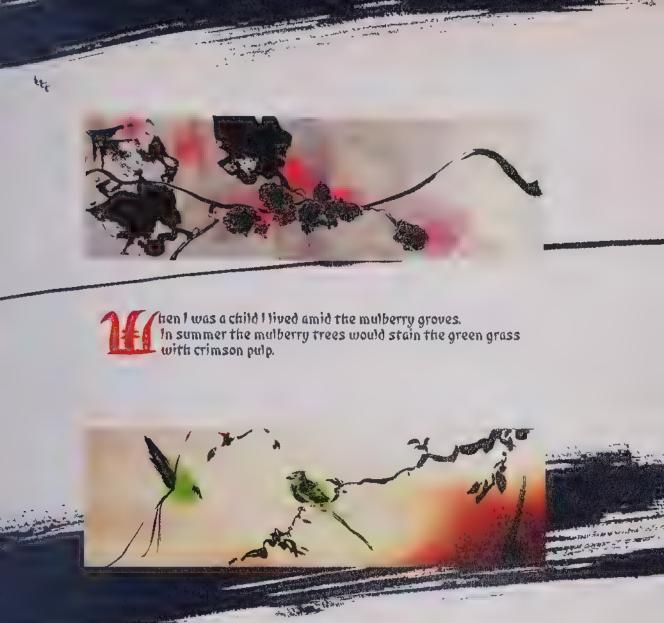




Fines-







Birds of a thousand colors danced in the sky when I was a boy.
They brightened the day with their intricate songs.
"We are who we choose to be," sang the goldfinch, when the sun was high.
"I dream about dreams about dreams," sang the nightingale, under the pale moon.



The girls in my village had lips like plums, were lovelier by far Than other girls in other villages, in the days of my youth.







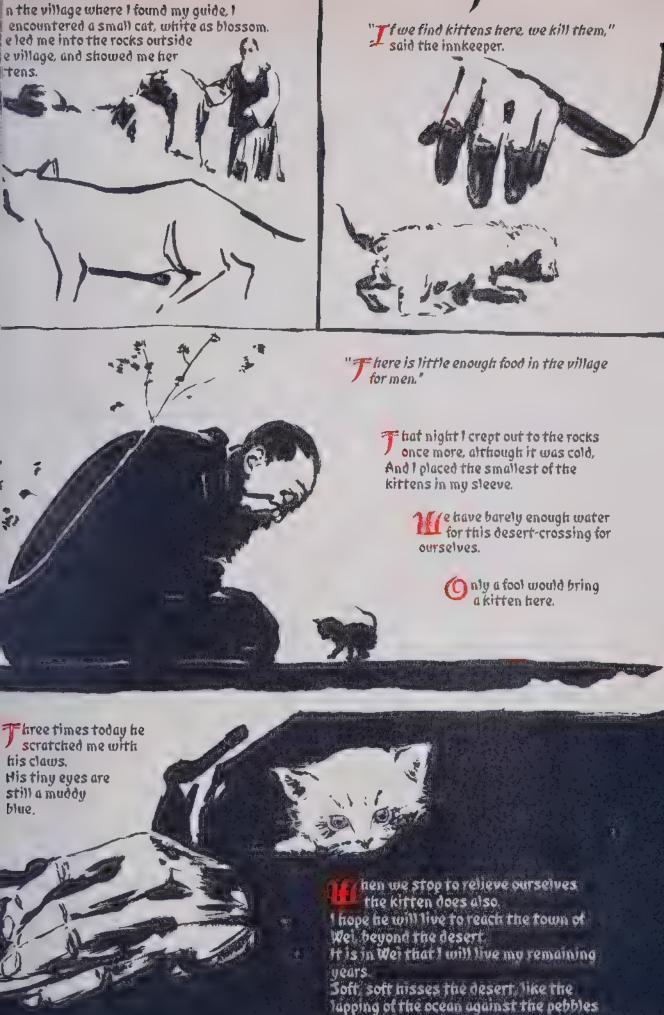


The desert is grey: Grey sand beneath grey skies, and I say to my guide,"This desert is grey," and he agrees. He is a man from a local village. I ask the name of the desert, but my guide says nothing. It has a name of ill omen, and ill omens have become my life.

My son allied himself with the people of the White Lotus.
"You are lucky that I have left you your head,"
the Emperor told me.

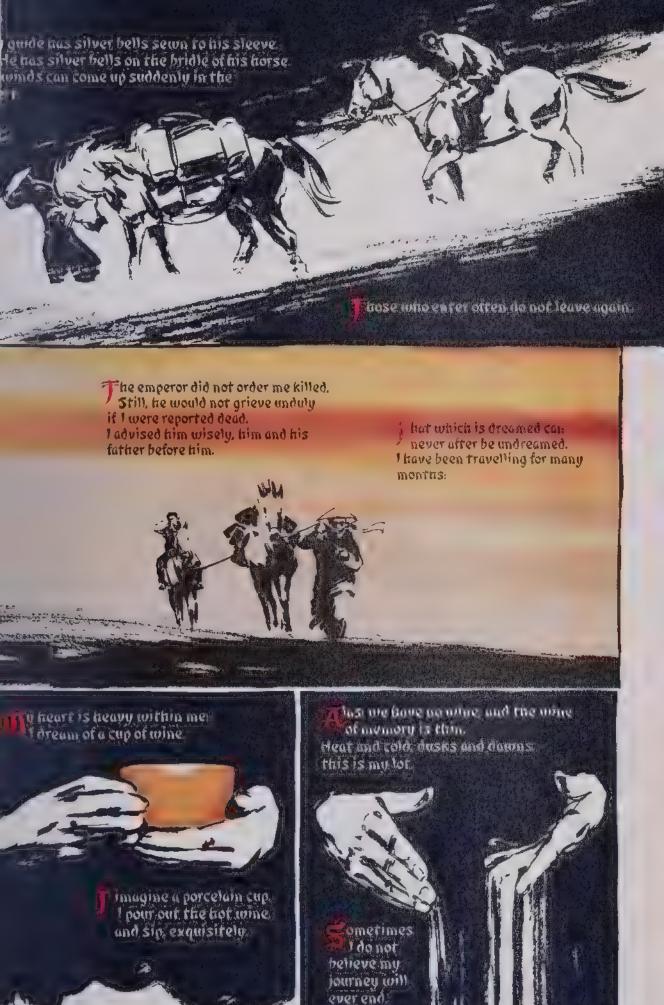


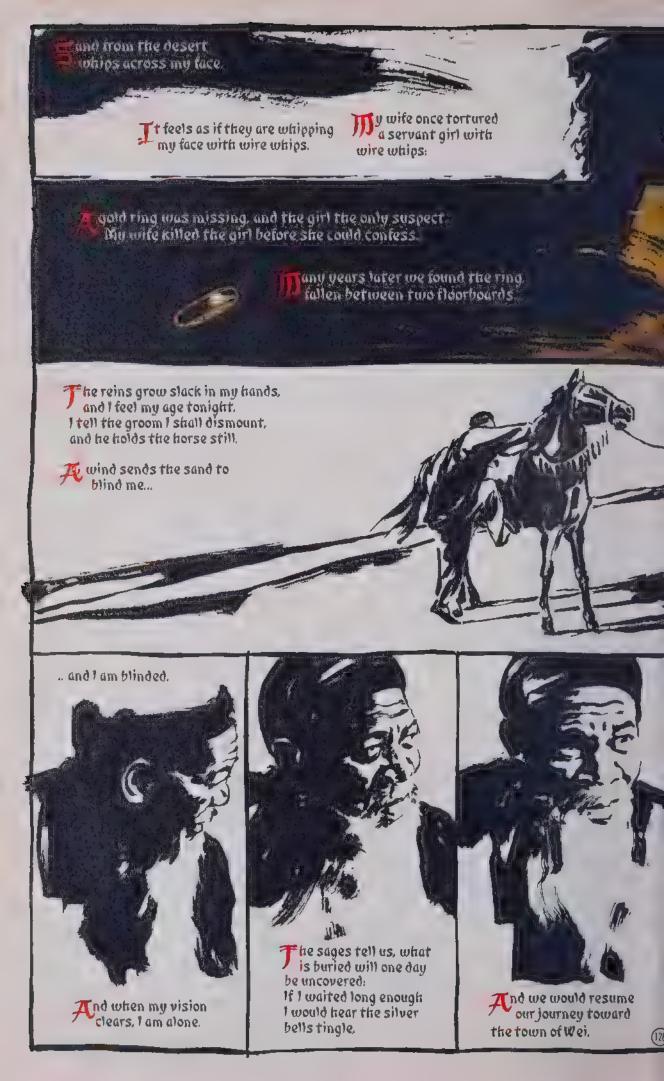
And now I am here, sand in my beard and eyes and ears, thoughts washing into grey and sand. Dreams, like sea-foam, washing over everything.

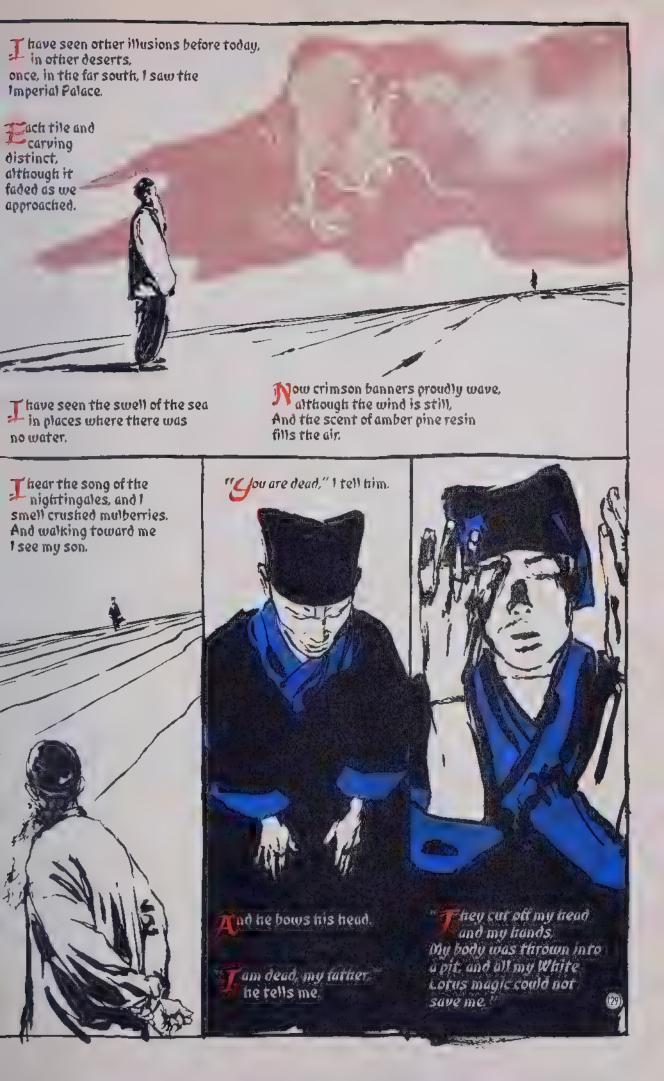


of the beach.











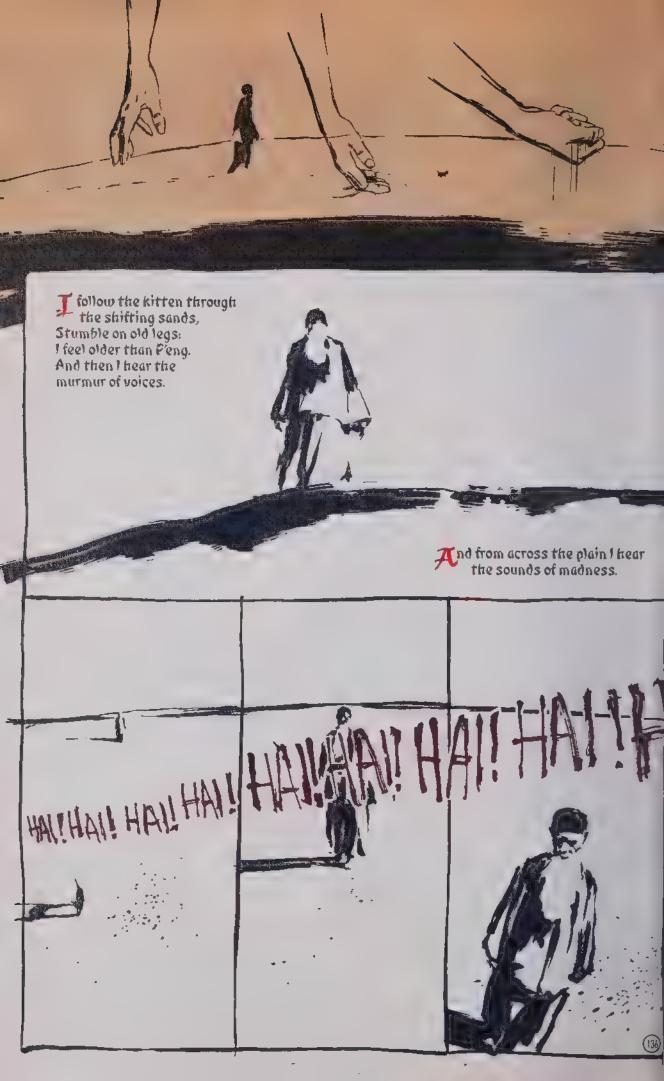








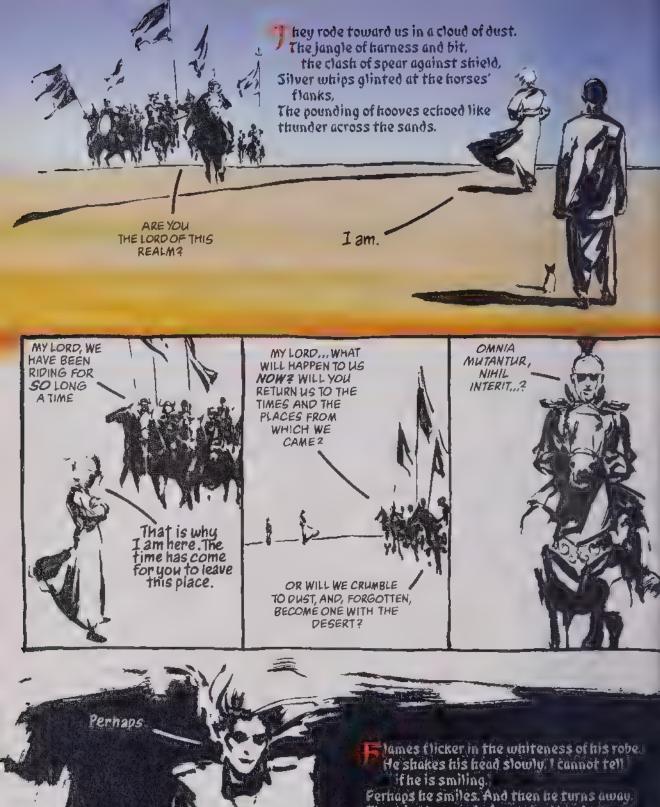


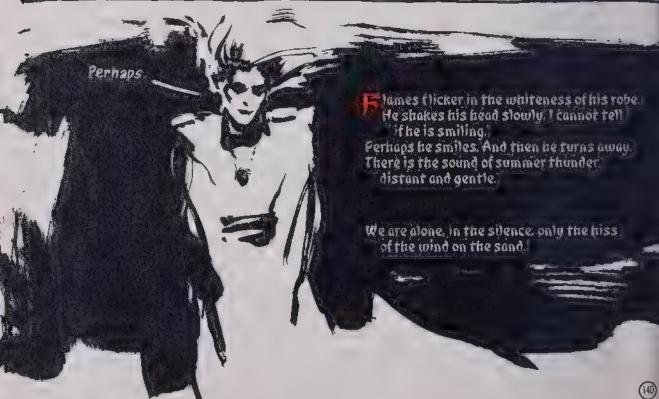
















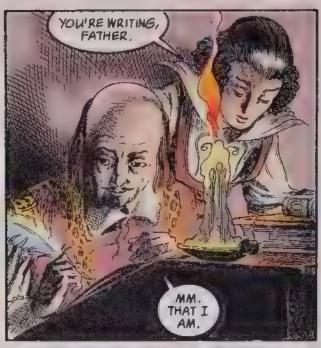




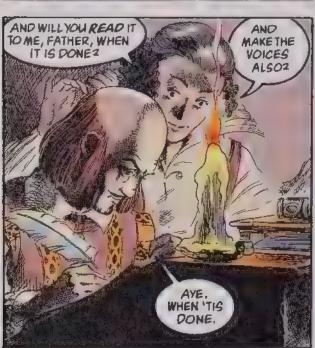






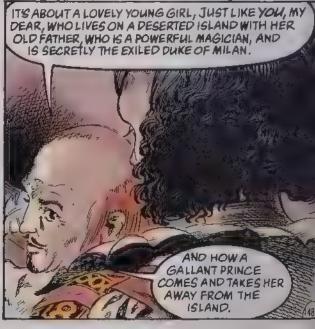
















YOU FILL HER
SILLY HEAD WITH YOUR
STUFF AND NONSENSE,
SHE'S GIX-AND-TWENTY
YEARS OF AGE, AND
STILL NOT MARRIED,
WILLYOU HAVE HER
DIE AN OLD MAIO?



WHY DO YOU NOT ADVISE HER TO DO WHAT

MANY ANOTHER LADY OF

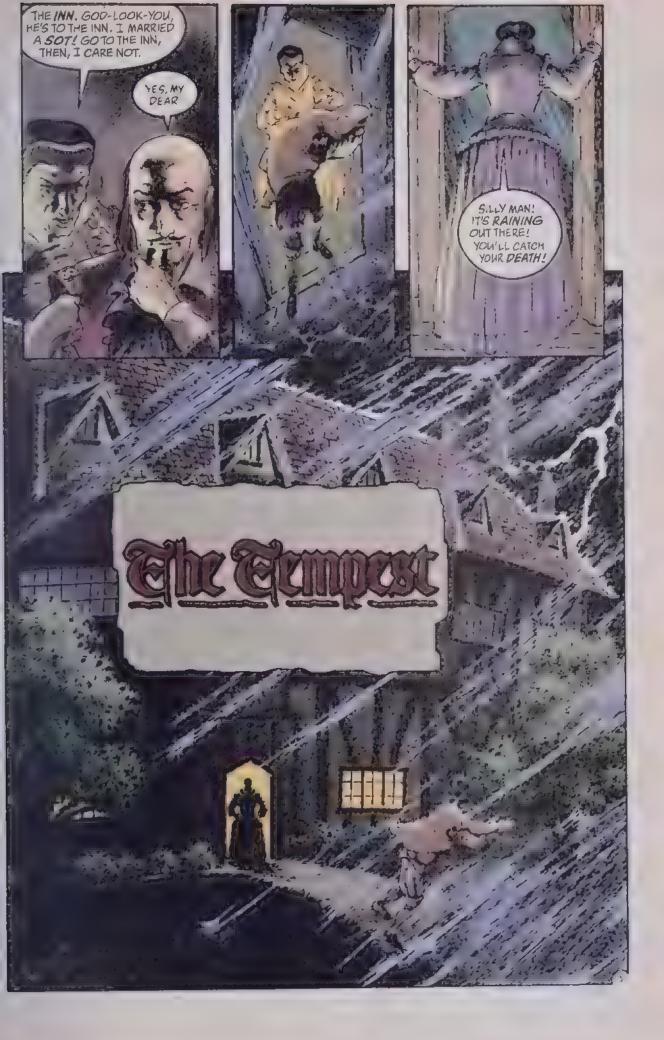
HER ADVANCING YEARS
HAG DONE TO SNARE
A HUSBAND 2

















QUINEY.

WHAT'LL YOU BE













AND SHALL I TELL

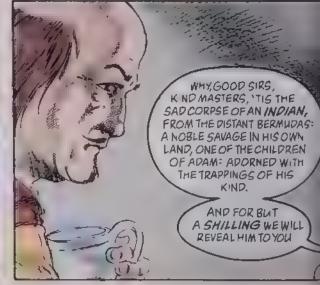
































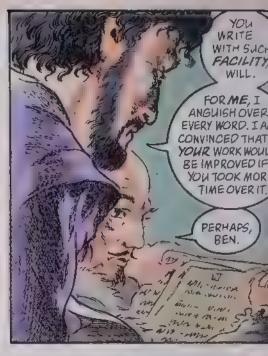


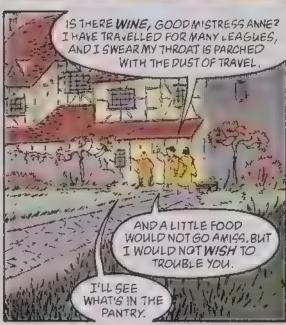
WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN

HE WATCHED
THEM UNTIL THE
WERE OUT OF
SIGHT, THEN
HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

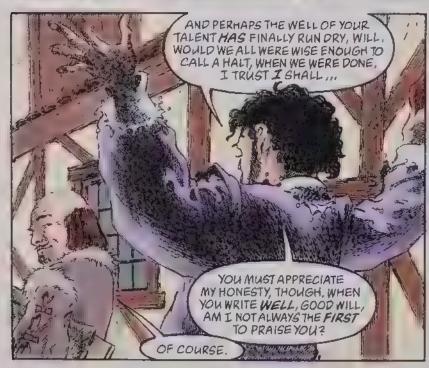










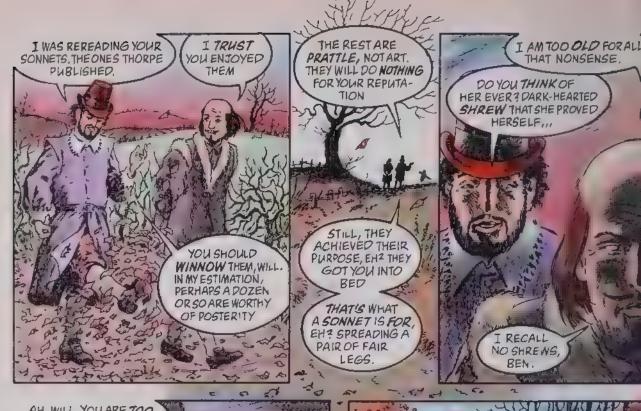


























WHY DIDYOU HAVE TO GO TO LONDON?













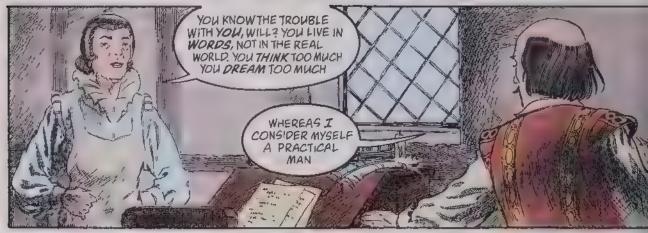






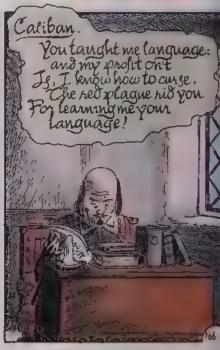
PLAY-NONSENSE? WELL, I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE. "WHO BUYS A MINUTE'S

"WHO BUYS A MINUTES
MIRTH TO WAIL A WEEK?"
THAT'S PEOPLE DO THAT, LIKE
OLD QUINEY SPENDING HIS
PENNIES ON THE WHORES
OF LONDON TOWN.



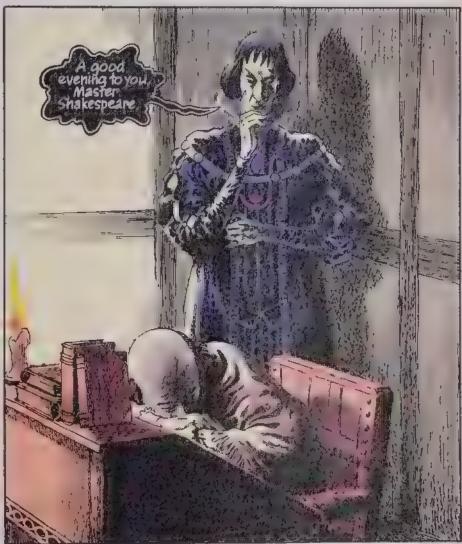






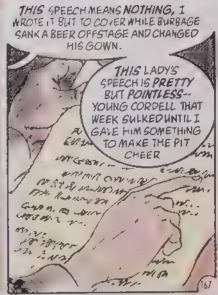


















WHY DOYOU WANT THE









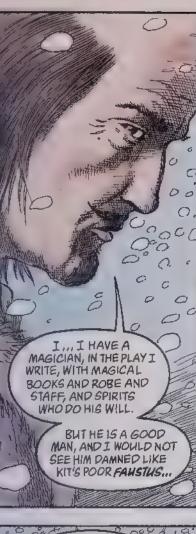




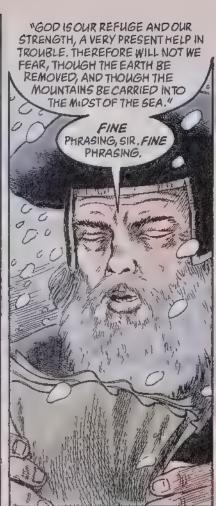












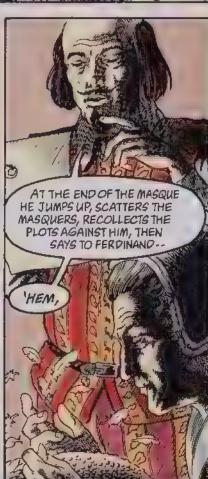




















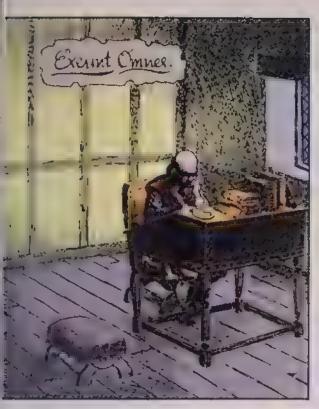


















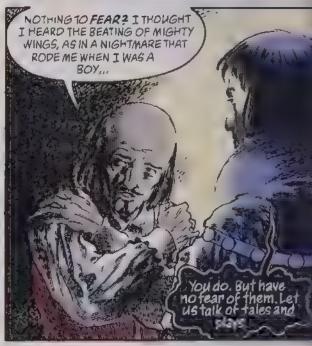


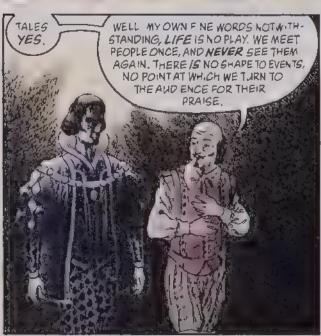














(176)

NO TIME AT WHICH WE STEP

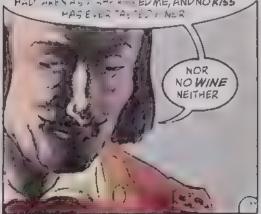




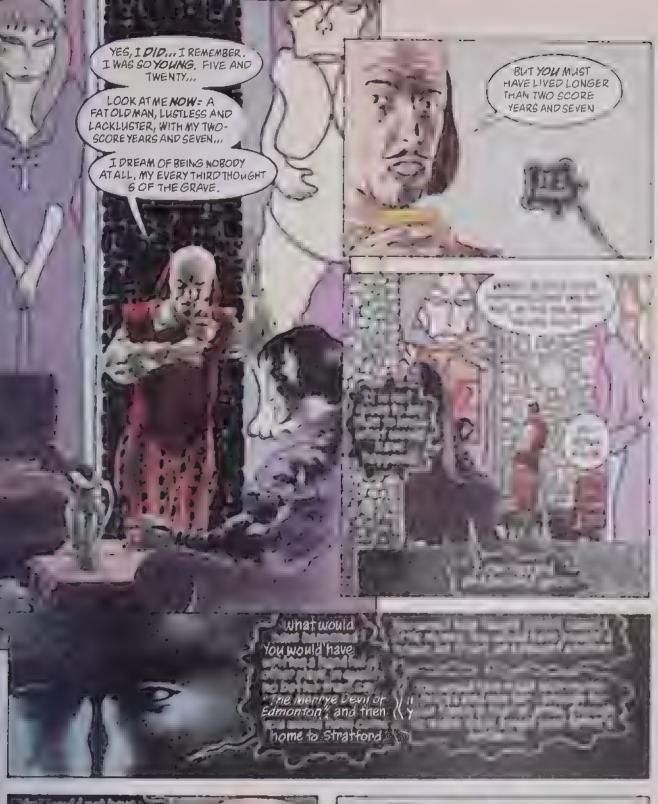




WHEN I WAS YOUNG, MY F RST MONTH IN LONDON, A
GYPGY-GIRL GAVE ME WINE TO PRINK. IT WAS TAWNYCOLORED, AND SALET AT MONEY, AND AFTER I
HAD THEN AS FROM A SECONDAL AND NO KISS
HAS EVER TATTED I NER

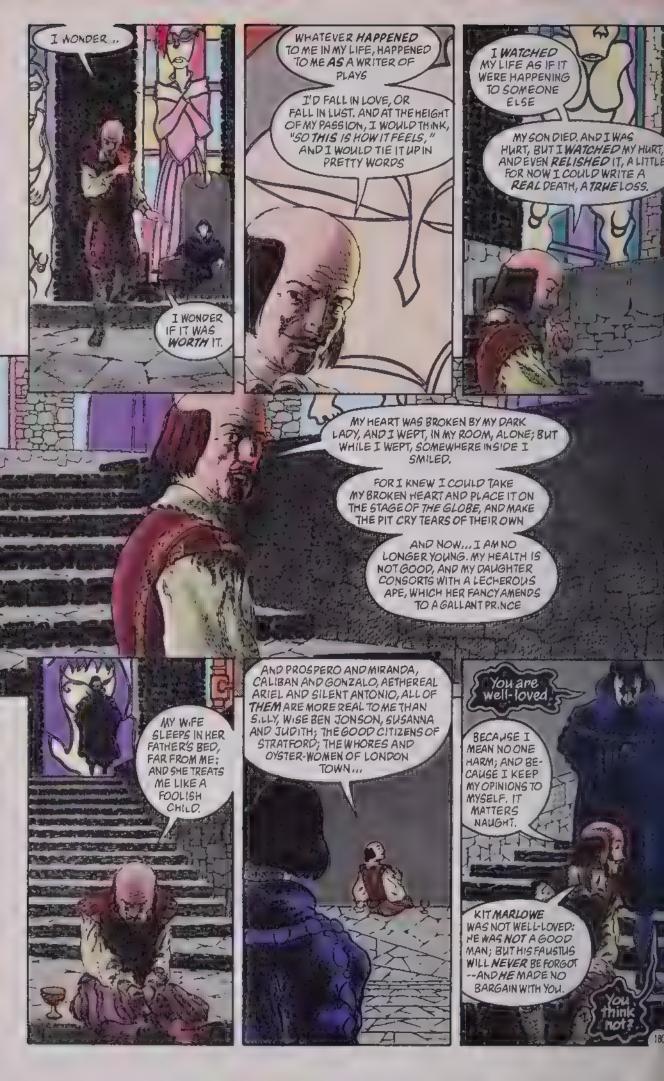










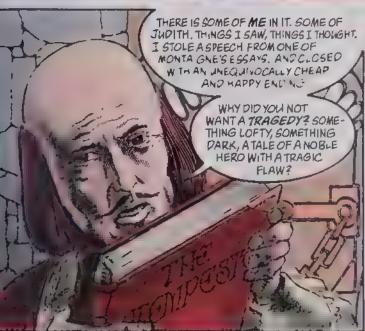


































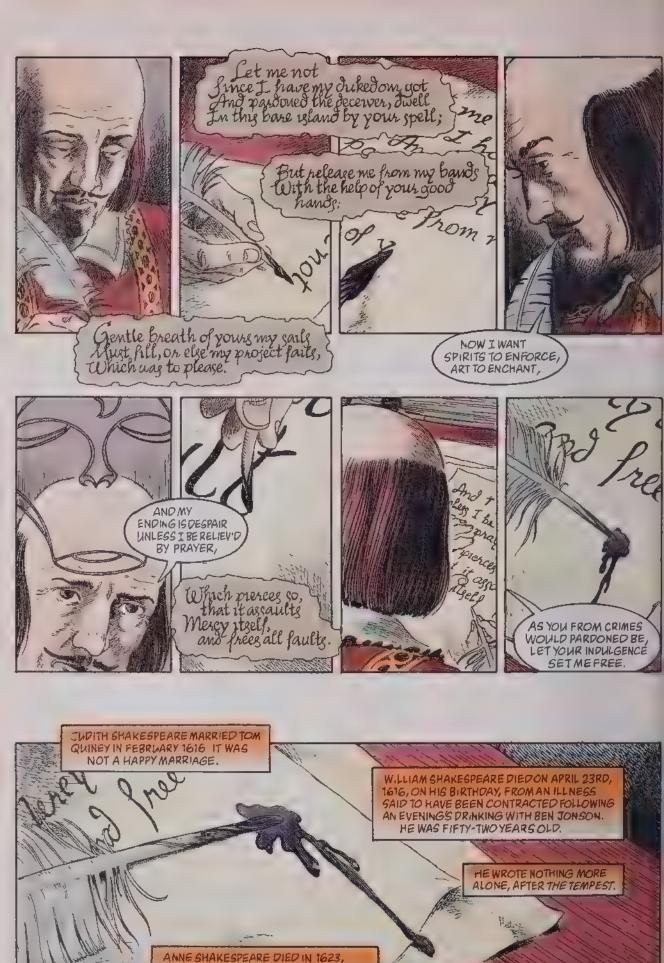












AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-SEVEN, THE SAME YEAR THE FIRST "FOLIO" COLLECTION OF HER LATE HUSBAND'S PLAYS WAS PUBLISHED

NEIL GAIMAN OCTOBER 1987 ~ JANUARY 1996.

have always been had at goodbyes.

In many ways, that's what these stories are about:
the process of saying goodby

My electronic address rook contains a number of people who has ied friends and colleagues.

Their names and their last known addresses are still sitting there: all it would take would be a proof the delete key to remove them.

But that would be too final a goodbye, so the remain undeleted

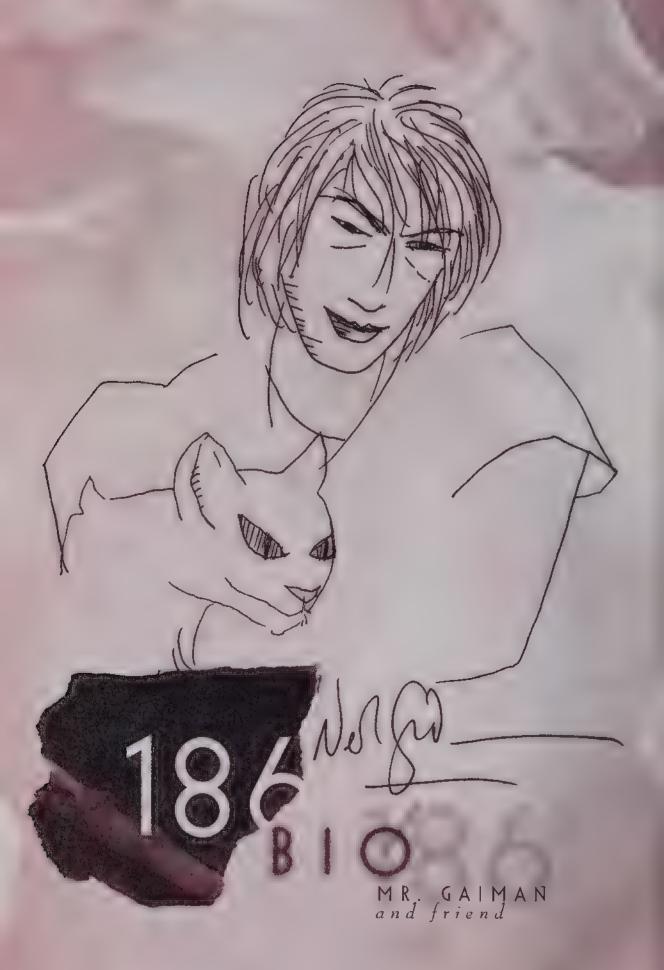


Roger Zelazny died as I complethe first chapter of The Wake, and his memorial informed the second chapter

The Ten Volumes of Sandman, of which this is the last comprise a story about stories. But in looking buthe nine years between my starting Sandman (what comes to mind are not stories, but frien Some of whom I have met, many of whom I hav

To the friends of Sandman, and to my frien

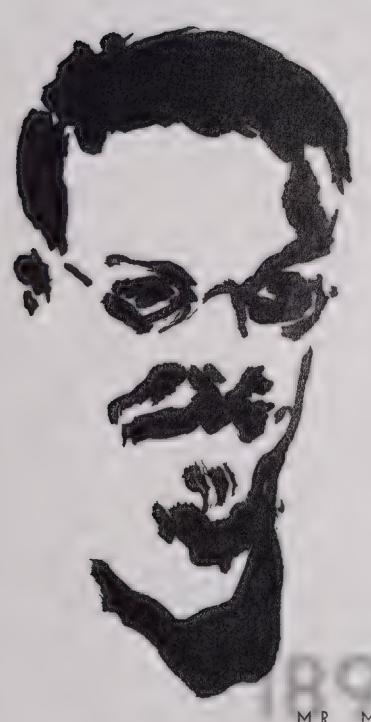
Neil Gaiman







MR. VESS



MR. MÚTH



MR. MOKEAN



MR. GILMÓRE



MR. VOZZO



MR. KLEIN



MR. D. CHAMELEÓN



MS. BERGER



MS. RØÉBERG



MR. KAHAN

THE SANDMAN: PRELUDES & NOCTURNES

Gaiman/Kieth/Dringenberg/various strodyction by Karen Berger

THE SANDMAN

THE SANDMAN: THE DOLL'S HOUSE

Gaiman/Dringenberg/M. Jones III/Bachalo/Zulli/Parkhouse Introduction by Clive Barker

THE SANDMAN: DREAM COUNTRY

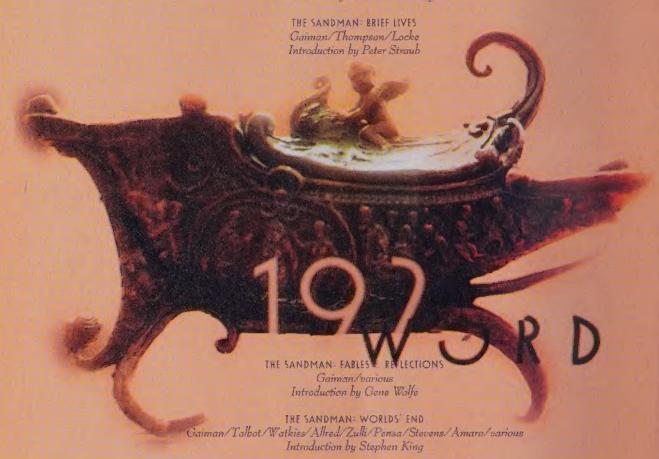
Gaiman/various Introduction by Steve Erickson

THE SANDMAN: SEASONS OF MIST

Gaiman/K. Jones/Dringenberg/M. Wagner/M. Jones III/ Giordano/Pratt/McKean Introduction by Harlan Ellison

THE SANDMAN: A GAME OF YOU

Gaiman/McManus/various Introduction by Samuel R. Delany



THE SANDMAN: THE KINDLY ONES

Gaiman/Hempel/Case/D'Israeli/Kristiansen/Dillon/Vess/Ormston/Nowlan Introduction by Frank McConnell

VEIL GAIMAN

THE BOOKS OF MAGIC

Gaiman/Bolton/Hampton/Vess/Johnson Introduction by Roger Zelazny

BLACK ORCHID

Gaiman/McKean Introduction by Mikal Gilmore

DEATH: THE HIGH COST OF LIVING Gaiman/Bachalo/McKean Introduction by Tori Amos

> MR. PUNCH Gaiman/McKeun

SANDMAN MIDNIGHT THEATRE Gaiman/Wagner/Kristiansen

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MENZ INSANA Gkristopher Fowler/John Bolton

MR. PUNCH Neil Gaiman/Dave McKean

MYSTERY PLAY Grant Morrison/Jon J Muth

TELL ME, DARK Karl Edward Wagner/Kent Williams/ John Ney Rieber

TOXIC GUMBO Lydia Luneh/Ted McKeever

P. McGreal/S.J. Phillips/ J. Villarrebia/R. Guay

WHY I HATE SATURN Kyle Baker

YOU ARE HERE Kyle Baker

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DOG MOON Robert Hunter/Timothy Truman

DOOM PATROL: CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE Grant Morrison/Richard Case/various

THE DREAMING: BEYOND THE SHORES OF NIGHT Various writers and artists

THE DREAMING: THROUGH THE GATES OF HORN AND IVORY Various writers and artists

ENIGNA Peter Milligan/Duncan Fegredo

HELLBLAZER: ORIGINAL SINS Jamie Delano/John Ridgway/various

HELLBLAZER: DANGEROUS HABITS Garth Ennis/William Simpson/various

KELLBLAZER: FEAR AND LOATHING Garth Ennis/Steve Dillon

HELLBLAZER: TAINTED LOVE Garth Engis/Steve Dillon

HELLBLAZER: DAMNATION'S FLAME G. Ennis/S. Dillon/W. Simpson/ P. Snejbjerg

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THE INVISIBLES: GOUNTING TO NONE Grant Morrisen/Phil Jimenez/ John Stokes

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NEIL GÁIMAN'S MIDNIGHT DAYS N. Gaimae/T. Kristiansen/S. Bissette/ J. Totleben/M. Mignola/various

MEVADA 8. Gerber/P. Winslade/S. Leialoha/ D. Giordane

PREACHER: GONE TO TEXAS Garth Engis/Stave Dillon

PREACHER: UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD Garth Ennis/Steve Dillon

PREACHER: PROUD AMERICANS Garth Engis/Steve Dillon

PREACHER: ANCIENT RISTORY G. Engis/S. Pugà/C. Ezquerra/R. Gase

PREACHER: DIXIE FRIED Garth Ennis/Steve Dillon

PREACHER: SALVATION Garth Ennis/Steve Dillon

PREACHER: WAR IN THE SUN Garth Ennis/Steve Dillon/ Peter Snejbjerg

THE SYSTEM Peter Kuper

SWAMP THING: SAGA OF THE SWAMP THING Alan Moore/Steve Bissette/ John Totleben

SWAMP THING: LOVE AND DEATH A. Moore/S. Bissette/J. Totleben/ S. McManus

SWAMP THING: ROOTS Jon J Muth

TERMINAL CITY
Dean Motter/Michael Lark

TRANSMETROPOLITAN: BACK ON THE STREET Warren Ellis/Darick Robertson/various

TRANSMETROPOLITAN: LUST FOR LIFE Warren Ellis/Darick Robertson/various TRANSMETROPOLITAN: YEAR OF THE BASTARD Warren Ellis/Darick Robertsen/ Rodney Ramos

TRUE FAITH
Garth Ennis/Warren Pleace

UNGLE SAM Steve Darnali/Alex Ross

UNKNOWN SOLDIER Garth Ennis/Kilian Plunkett

Y FOR VENDETTA Alan Moore/David Lloyd

VAMPS Elaine Lee/William Simoson

WITCHCRAFT J. Robinson/P. Snejbjerg/M. Zulli/ S. Yeowell/T. Kristiansen

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THE SANDMAN: DREAM COUNTRY N. Gaiman/K. Jones/C. Vess/ C. Doram/M. Jones

THE SANDMAN: THE DREAM HUNTERS Heif Gaiman/Yoshitaka Amano

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Neil Gaiman/Jiff Thempson/Vince Locke

THE SANDMAN: WORLDS' END Neil Gaiman/various

THE SANDMAN: THE KINDLY ONES N. Gaiman/M. Hampel/R. Case/various

THE SANDMAN: THE WAKE
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CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
THE INDEPENDENT

"...NOTHING LESS THAN A POPULAR CULTURE MASTERPIECE, AND A WORK THAT IS BRAVER, SMARTER AND MORE MEANINGFUL THAN JUST ABOUT ANYTHING 'HIGH CULTURE' HAS PRODUCED DURING THE SAME PERIOD."

MIKAL GILMORE

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A GAME OF YOU
A GAME OF YOU
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